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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

The Fair Maid of Bristow

Date of the only known edition, ... 1605

(*B.M.* C. *34*, b. *6*.)

Reproduced in Facsimile, 1912

The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

The Fair Maid of Bristow

1605

Issued for Subscribers by the Editor of

THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS

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The Fair Maid of Bristow

1605

This facsimile is from a copy of the only known edition, now in the British Museum. One other copy is known to be in the Bodleian.

The play was registered with the Stationers' Company on February 8th, 1605, and was probably played at Hampton Court early in October, 1604.

An exhaustive and valuable monograph on the play was issued by Mr. Quinn in 1902 under the auspices of the University of Pennsylvania.

Having regard to the extremely poor and difficult condition of the original — badly printed on thin and now over-stained paper — this reproduction has been carefully and successfully executed. Here and there is observable the barest tendency to excess in tone, but beyond that there is little on which to comment.

JOHN S. FARMER.

THE FAIRE MAIDE of Bristovv.

As it was plaide at Hampton, before the King and Queenes most excellent Maiesties.

Printed at Loudon for Thomas Pauyer, and are to be solde at his shop, at the entrance into the Exchange 1605.

The Faire maid of Bristovv.

Enter Challener, and Vallenger.

Chal: COme Vallen: lets to Sir God-fries house,
I know there will be reueling to night
This is his birth day: and he welcoms all,
Fair Anabell his daughter is my loue,
There shalt thou see the Idoll of my thought,
Faire Bristows mirror and my harts delight.
Val. Frend Challener, I wonder at thy humor,
To dote so much ouer this female kind,
That charms thy sences makes thy eie sight blind.
Chal. Thou art an enemy to women still,
I prethee what doth best agree with thee.
Val. To see my hounds, to chase the fallow deere,
to see my fachon strike the partridge dead.
to heare my horse Careere, to drink full healths,
and not liue puling for an ounce of Beauty,
Chal. I loue to see my hounds as well as thee,
My horse, my fachon, and healthes when time serues,
But aboue all my mistris I prefer,
She is the Iewell that doth heate my blood,
And therefore Vallenger, for my sake goe
and see, the gallants will be here to night,
Val. Faith you bind me to a mighty task
Ile see your Lady, and your Ladies maske,
then prethee peace here will we keepe our stand.
Chal. For by the Drum the Maskers are at hand.
Enter Sir Godfrey, Vmphrevil, his wife, his daughter, and the Maskers to daunce.

God. Now gentlemen, your welcome to my house,
Good maister Challener and your honest frend,
So are you all yong gallants euery one,
But we forget our selues, bodye of me,
Where be these Ladies, what shall we haue
No dauncing after dinner? Ho, vp with the tables,
If they haue dined within, and come
yong Ladies now to your dance againe.

Here they dance and Vallenger speaks.

Val. False tong that spoke such blasphemy before,
That I dispraised, now doth my soule adore.
Chal. How dost thou like my loue now Vallenger.
Val. O thou demine and I become her thrall.
Chal. Doth Willow yeld her fellow, prethee speake,
Val. A thousand, I must hence or else my hart will break.
Exit.

Chal. What meanes my frend in such a humor? gee,
Ile know the cause before I leaue him so,

Exit Challener, and Vallenger. Here the dannce ends.

God. Gentlemen I thank you all,
Lets in to supper tho the cheare be small, (Exit the Maskers.

Enter vallenger and Challener.

Chal. Vallinger thou art a traitor to thy frend,
val. Not to my frend but alwaies to my foe.
Chal. Why dost thou loue the saint I do adore.
val. To anger thee I sweare to loue her more.

Chal. I loued her first, when thou diost loue disdaine.
val. I loue her now, there ore thy lone is haine.
Chal. For I weare to name her else thou art my foe.
val. For weare my Anabell, hence dotard go,
Chal. Prepare thee Vallener it is decreed.
For Anabell, or thou or I must bleed:
val. On Sir tis welcome pace not but thrust home.

Here they fight, vallenger falls downe.
And Challener flies away, vallenger cals
For helpe, Sir Godfrey, his wife, and his
Daughters, comes forth with lights.

val. Some Gracious Body helpe me I am slaine.
God. Who e that which cals for help, gods pitty wife,
The Gentleman, lies bleeding here that came
with master Challen.
I pray Sir peake who hath hurt ye thus.
val. The villen Chalener hath almost slaine me.
God. Challener, why I thought you had bin friends.
What was the matter Sir may I know it?
val. About your daughter, and while she was dancing
I prayed her gesture and her comely grace,
But Vallenger most like a liberall villaine,
Did giue her scandelus Ignoble termes,
Which I rebuked him for wherefupon,
We drew our weapons, I by chaunce being downe,
The coward villaine thus hath wounded me.
God. How say you wife, did not I say so much,
He was a Cutter and a swaggerer,
He haue my child, no, no, he aymes amiss,
Go presently make search throughout the Citty,
Where ere you find him carrie him straight to prison,
Looke to him, come Sir, since your hurt
Was about my girle, you shall not from
my house till you are thorow whole.

val. I thank you sir, I am much bound to you.
God. Come sir, my wife and my daughter shalbe
your surgeon, come helpe him in: softly knaues I say,
Exit Omnes.

Enter Harbert, sentloe, and Florence
a Courtizan.

Har. I prethée Sentloe leaue this Idell life,
That will vndo thee if thou followes it,
Art thou so fond ouer so light a thing,
Dost thou expect her lust before my loue
Dost thou not see thy sin nor yet thy shame,
Thy reputation, honor, nor thy name.
Sent. I prethee harbart peace content thy selfe,
she whom I loue, thou seest loues me againe,
thinks thou that I so long haue seen the worlde,
and do not know my frend now from my foe.
Har. She whom thou thinkst wil prouе thy greatest frend,
Will prouе a serpent and a cockatryce:
For what is she but a common stall,
that loues thee for thy coine, not for thy name,
Such loue is beastly, rotten, blind, and lame.
Sent. Forbeare me this, and chid me for ought else,
Har. Leaue this, and vndertake what liks thee best,
Leaue her, and then my thoughts will be at rest,
Flo. And why sir leaue me, for your companie,
I would thy loue were equall vnto mine,
then Sentlo should be sure he had a frend.
Har. As thine, Ide rather hang my selfe,
Sentloe leaue England for a little space,
Goe to braue Richard in the holie Land,
the warres will teach thee to forget thy loue.
Flo. Will sentlo leaue hir that doth loue him so,
for thy sake will I go in russet,

Ly in a cottage, eat what so thou please,
Rather then I will want thy companie,
I will be come as mild and duetyfull.
as euer Grissell was vnto hir lord,
and for my constancie, as Lucrce was,
and if that Sentlo will but liue with me.

Sent. I know it sweet, when I from thee depart,
Then let my Luke warme bloud, forsake my hart,
Harbert you wrong me to abuse her thus.

Har. Thou wrongst thy selfe, me, and all thy frends,
But if thou wilt not leaue her company
I bow my frendship to thee is cold.
Ile leaue thee to the humors of thy youth,
No one that hath nor honestie nor truth.

Sent. What dost thou threaten me, go wher you please,
Harbart your companie contents not me,
Leaue me, ile leaue thee first,
and so farwell: come loue lets hence.
To Bristow will we go,
Who cares where Harbart be or frend or foe.

Har. O how vnbridled is the course of youth,
That takes his frend to be his greatest foe,
and thinks the counsell that should do him good:
Like poison, or as the herbe Draconis,
Well tho thou scorne thy frend that holds thee deare,
he will not leaue thee in extreamity,
Thou art gone to Bristow, thether will I go,
Where I will proue a frend and not a foe.

Exit.

Enter Sir godfrey, vallinger, his wife, and his daughter.

god. Sir I am glad you are so well recouered,

And

And for the motion which you made to me,
Touching my child, I promise you truly Sir,
I do not know the man in Basilo,
That I affect more then I do your self,
Val. Sir I haue found it, and I wish I may
Make satisfaction for your good regard,
And loving care that you haue had to me,
So please you Sir to know your daughters mind,
Which way her maiden thoughts are most inclind,

Enter a messenger with a letter.

Val. From whom the Letter.
Mes. From your father Sir,

He reads the Letter.

God. Comehether wife, daughter a word with you,
I know that once thou didst loue Challener,
But he is fled, thou seest a wagering fellow,
Tell me my girle wilt thou be ruled by me,
And ile prouide a man fit for thy turne.
Ana. Faith whosoeuer you shall thinke meet.
God. Why thats wel sed my wench, ther spok an angel
Looke yonder what aist thou to yong Vallenger,
He is a man as twere compleat o ware,
His father is an honorable knight,
A Challener, a very stock to this,
Loue him my girle, say as I say, do.
Ana. I neuer heard a father labour more,
To win his daughter that was won before.
Wom. Daughter what say you to your father.
God. Why wife I know what she would say already,
She hath loued Challener. And would thinke,
Her fond in leauing him so soue to chuse another,
And thinks we would be angry,
If she loued Vallenger, tut vse thy mind
Ana. Father, I know these words are all but iests,

Dispose

Dispose euen as it likes you best.
God. Well ed my girls then Mallenger is he,
What say you Ellen do you not agree.
Wom. What like you two, is neuer Crosse,
Mine is the care, but yours is the losse.
God. Now maister Mallenger, good newes a gods name
From whence is that letter Sir may I know,
Val. You may Sir God-frey, this letter is from my
Father Sir, who to morrow comes to Bristoe,
And meanes to sojorne here all the winter time.
God. He shall be welcome, I would my house
Were thought fit for his entertainment,
But on, so may I call you now,
And if that you agree how say you Sir.
val. Sir I wish it were to night be ore to morrow,
And by your daughters leaue, seale it with this kisse.
God. Welsee harts youle neuer be yonger,
Lets in to get all things in readines.

Exit Omnes.

Enter Challener, his man and a Gentleman of Bristow.

Chal. God maister Chambers, your welcome Sir to
London, how fare our frends at Bristo Master chambers,
Cham. O. Challener, all well, your frends at Bristo,
Would be glad to see you.
Chal. Indeed I dare sweare that I haue some friendes
There, but among all, how doth yong Mallenger?
Cham: O the man you hart.
Chal. Euen he.
Cham: Exceeding well, he is at Sir God-freys house,
And is on that day nett to be espoused,
To beautious Anabell the old knights daughter.

Cha. Is possible?
Cham. Tis as I tell you Sir,
But maister Challenger I am in some haste,
And pleaseth you one to come and sup with me,
Ile tell you then the matter more at larg.
Exit gentleman.
cha. Faire Anabell married to Vallenger,
The newes doth run like ysie through all my vaines,
Is Anabell married to Vallenger?
A faithles woman, frothles, and vnkind,
Won with a word o labour, lost like wind.
O I could rend my flesh, and teare my haire,
Married to Vallenger, what to my os?
By heauen if all my wealth were in the sea,
And I le t De pate, vcherles, and bare,
It would not half so much haue gauld my hart,
As this same newes, this fatall deadlines.
Ia. What cheere you maister neuer be so sad,
But let her go more wenches may be had.
cha. No none like her, but I will straight from hence,
With my owne per onage I will di pence:
I prethee Iaques get me a Doctors weed,
For vnto Bristow will we with all speed,
There will we see the Bride-groome and the Bride,
Get straight post horses, for this night ile ride,
And presently get me a Doctors tire,
Till I am at Bristow, each part is one fire.
Exit Omnes,

Enter Sentlo, and Harbert, disguised like a Seruingman.

Sent. Did Maister Herbert then send you to me.
Blu. How think you, he told me he set it in the letter.
Sent,

Sent. Dost thou know what he hath written here.
Blunt. Not I, nor I greatly do not care.
Sent. Here he desires me as ere I tendred him
That I would entertaine thee as my man.
Blunt. You may i you wil, i you wil not you may chuse,
Sent. I prethee what is thy name?
Blu. Blunt.
Sent. Blunt name? Blunt nature?
Here my friend doth write,
Tho he be somwhat stoburne in his wordes,
Yet he is of confirmed honesty,
Well Blunt I entertaine you Sir,
How now, sweet loue, who e that.

Enter Florence and Frog.

Flo. Mary sweet hart tis Sir godfreys man,
That comes to bid vs to his daughters marriage.
Frog. I Sir my name is Frog: good man Frogs son
O Frog Hall, that am sent from my maister,
To desire you and the Gentlewoman,
To make a step to walke, or as it were to
Come, or approach, to dinner? This is all Sir.
Blunt. Do you heare Sir, is this my mistres.
Sent. I Blunt.
Blunt. Is she not a Whore? she lokes like one?
Sent. Peace Sirrha on your life.
flo. What aule merchant haue you got there,
Frog breake his pate?
frog. No by my faith, hees like one would sooner break (mine.
sent. Well Frog tell thy Maister I will not aile.
flo. Sweet hart shall I goun this gowne?
sent. The time is to short to make another.
Blunt. Is not that gowne good inough for a whore?
flo. By heauen if you maintaine this Rascall slaue,
To abuse me, keep him and let me go.

 Blunt.

Before an honest seruant, let him.
Sent. Go to, peace sirha, no more.
Blunt. I haue done sir: Harbert, whether wilt thou?
Thy loue vnto thy friend makes thee forget
thy selfe, therefore no more.
Sent. I prethy swart lam content thy selfe,
This fellow was sent me from a speciall friend
Tho he be blunt yet is very honest.
Flo. I could be content to loue him well enough,
So he could afford me better words.
Blu. Well I wil speake no more what shall offend you
Lets goe sweet hart, therefore blunt come goe you along,
Sir godfrey staies, therefore we do him wrong,
Sent. Thou wrongest thy selfe, god send thee to amend
And wouldest do further wert not for thy friend.

Fait Omnes.

Enter Sir godfrey, Sir Eustace, Mother,
and anaball.

Eust. Sir Godfrey vmphreuile, & my honord fellow.
My bony bryde, and this fayre company,
How it glades old Eustace vailenger
To see this good occasion of our mirth.
Had my ould true hatted Sara lyuey,
To haue seene the marriage of her deere son
And in soe good and worthip full a stock,
As ould vmphrevilles; well twas a woman
Fewe such liue now: you bluw wilth eies
Will you be watring still.
Wom. she was a wise and vertuous gentle woman
The poore will say so.
God. I haue my child will imitate her steps,
Eust. Come anaball thou now must be my wife,

My huswife, and my house keper, and all,
I know thou hast him bred vp for a huswife,
Thy husbands a wild boy I confes.
But let him stay and keep thée companye
Or by the holy rood he rustes not heer.
But brother, heres an Italian docter thats com-
mended to vs by especiall friends,
Whom we must intertaine with good regard.
Yo, whoe with in there?

Enter vallenger, Challiner like a Docter, Sentlo,
Anabell, Florence.

val. Do you call Sir?
Eu. Fy, Fie, Ned you trifle out the time.
val. Sir I was welcoming this gentleman,
This Gentelwoman, and this docter,
Being strangers here in Bristow.
god. Signeor Julio I vnderstand your called sir.
Doct. That is my name Sir.
God. Right reuerent Docter your most welcom hether,
My house, or what else, is at your command.
Eust. The like say I sir, be bould thereof
Doct. Most honored knights whatsoeuer lies in mee,
Commaund my best indeuer.
Eust. Com mistresse Florance you must knowe
That your come to Bristow.
And must now help to grace our Bride,
Flo. With all my hart Sir Eustace at her seruice
va. Sir, maister Sentlos is the man I chuse,
To intertaine the bryde, he giues me leaue
To welcome Mistres Florance.
god. Come brother you and Ile con'ser vñ M. Docter.
Flo. What on your wedding day and change,

As your brides beauty les esteemd therunto,
va. The Bee that sucks the bitter Hemlock flowers,
When that he comes to taste the Violet
Doth count his former food as trash and weedes
Thou art the Violet the bitter Hemlock thee,
I blind be fore, but now mine eyes doth see.
Doct. I ouerhard thee, thou base Vallenger.
What such an angell should induce the cruell,
To linke her elfe to that in shape deuill
god. Come we discourse to long, wee shall haue
Time enough for conference.
va. What will you bee so Coy,
Flo. Y faith you men are so deceptfull,
That shees a fole will credit what you say,
Eust. Why Ned what meanest thou
va. Sir but one word with Master Doctor, I com,
Well I will Compasse thee whatsoeuer befal.

Exit all but vallenger, and
The Docter.

Sent. Well since the bride doth giue me leaue.
Ile bee so bould as to haue a Dance.

Exit.

va. Docter, a word.
Doct. With me Sir, I with thee.
va. Men o thy fort are worne to secresie,
But further me and keepe my counsell.
In that which I shall here impart to thee,
And Ile giue thee a Hundred pounds in gould.
god. Sir heres my hand, what euer lies in me,
You shall comand my hart and secresie,
It is enough then Docter thus much know,
Tho happely it may seeme straung to thee.

that

That on my marriage day I should transgresse
So far as now I must reuele to thée,
But think tis loue, blind loue that leads me on,
That conquers Gods, and much more mortall men.
doct. Delay not sin but speake your mind at full.
va. Then thus in Briefe Anabel is my wife,
But florence is the Mistris of my hart,
I loue her Docter, Dost thou conseaue me now,
doct. How would you I should help you in her loue,
Why now thou commest vnto the very maine.
va. Thou knowest her swéet hart Sentlo, hées the let.
doct. And what way would you haue him remoued.
va. Why poysoned man, a little dram will doe.
doct. Poysoned Sir, alas you know tis death.
va. If it be knowne but that shall neuer be,
Speake honest Doctor will thou doe for me,
doct. Sir for your sake although it touch me néere,
Héers my hand Ile doe.
va. Tut Docter neuer feare.
Gold will salue all, and that thou shalt not want.
doct. Sir Ile stretch mine art to do you good,
Tho ventring so it cost my dearest blood,
val. thankes gentle Docter goe to florence straite,
Within this houre Ile in the garden waite,
there bring her alone, Sentloe is sure,
And as for Anabal her thoughtes be pure,
Sentloe once dead, Docter thou knowest my mind,
Faith anabell she staies not long behinde,
God Docter faile not, I must now to dinner,

Exit.

doct. Now heauen forgiue thée thy pernitious sinnes
I poison Sentloe, now the lord forfend.
that such a thought should enter in my brest,
Blessed be the time I toke a Docters shape,
For by this meanes Sentloe his death shall scape,

and

And louely Anabell her life set free,
False Wallenger shall be deceiu'd by me,
And that deceit is lawfull kind and iust,
That doth preuent his murder and his lust,
And tho I haue faire Anabels loue lost,
Yet Wallenger shall in this suts be crost.

Enter Frog and douce.

Frog. Come douce. Now we haue time and place as
They say, I prethee d ome with no delay,
But still say, do not say you will not haue me,
Now because I am none of your burgers,
But Douce as I am hastie yet I am not the hastiest,
And though I am resty, yet I am not lowse,
And of one that cannot talke much,
So I loue to speake little, for as that
Worthy Philo opher Hector ses, the words
Of the wise do offend the foliss, so
Douce in few words and in tedious talke,
Tell me when is this day.

Douce. What day Frog.

Frog. What day Frog? dost thou aske what day,
why Douce this day of wedlock Douce,
This day of going together Douce,
This day of wearing out sheetes and
Throwing downe blanckets Douce.

Douce. I faith Frog you know I haue little,
And for your owne part your as poore as Iob,

Frog. But not so scabed I thank God Douce,
Well, I see you regard not the wisdome
But the wealth, not the man: but the mony,
O Dowse, Dowse, much hast thou to answere for.

Dous. Besids I think you do not loue me.

Frog.

frog. Not loue thee, why I cannot dresse my maisters
Horses or thinking of thee: I cannot dream of
Sleeping of thee: but of a certainty,
I loue thee indeed, when I goe to bed
And pluck of my shoes, there you may smell
Loue out of me: and then I sigh and then I pause,
And ay that Dowce is the onely cause.

Dous. Well Frog, I haue but iested all this while
Faith Frog hadest thou bin ruled by me,
Thou hadest not bin Froging out of the well
So long: but Frog twas thy fault.

frog. The more is to come Dowce, then you will
Haue me, we shall to this geere?

Dowce. I sweet hart, name you the time,
The sooner the better.

frog. So say I dowse, for as the old saying is,
He that hath a good dinner, knowes better the way
To supper: but dowse, we will be married a sunday,
And that we will be spoken to be liberall,
Weele giue ten grotes to the poore: with this
Promisso, that if we needs it, weele haue
our ten groats agin.

dous. I but afterwards will you not proue unkind?

frog. How dowse unkind?
When tinkers leaue to drinke good ale,
And Souldiers of their weapons faile,
When pedlers go without there pack,
And water is more deare then sack,
When Shoomakers drinke that is small,
And Lawiers haue no tongues at all,
When Fencers leaue of giuing knocks,
And youngmen hate fare Maidens smocks,
When drunkards scorne a copar nose,
And Botchers mere mende lowse hose,

Or when the cat shall hate a mouse,
Then Frog shall prone vnkind to Dowse,
and so sweet hart lets goe and wey,
and after to dinner and then to bed.

Exit.

Enter the docter and his man.

doct. Go Sirrha at the back doore,
Bring mistris Anabel, make hast away.
Ia. I warrant you Sir. Exit.
Well Vallenger if all things fall out right:
You shall haue little cause to thanke
The Docter, but heere he comes.
val, How now Docter, what will Florence come,
Doct. She will be heere Sir, presently, and see
You can no sooner speake but she is come.
Enter Florence and Blunt.
Flo. Go Sirrha, vs you tend at doore,
Let none come in vnles I call to you.
Blu. I will, straight fetch Sentloe, to this match,
Are you there Docter, yfaith ile be euen with you.
Exit Blunt.
va. Docter mistris welcome.
Flo. vallenger now by this light,
Thou art the welcomest man in Christendome.
va. Thanks gentle mistris, but how if Sentlo come.
Flo. Hang him I neuer lou'd him in my life,
Only I gull the Rascall for his money.
Doct. The more villaine vallenger
To leaue his true wife for a common stall.
flo. Now by this hand, I wonder vallenger,
What delight thou takest in such a wife,
But that she is somewhat wise, and modest,

But

But to content a gallant spirit indeed,
By this light she is a very block to me.
va. hang her, I care not for her, our fathers made the match
Enter anabell.
Now with a diuill what whirle wind blew you hether?
How now minks, what make you heere.
Ana. I hard my Mallenger was all alone,
If I offend thee loue, ile straight begone,
yet I had rather stay and if you please.
flo. Mallenger, what makes your minion heere,
What are you lealious huswife with a pox?
Ana. I pray you gentlewoman be not offended,
Please you my husband and all shall be mended.
Va. Gesly get home, or I shall set you packing.
flo. I haue a trick and if it fall out right,
Shall moue her patience ere she part from hence.
Ana. thou art to me, as bodie to the soule,
My life is death without thy companie.
flo. By my troth heere is an excellent rebato.
Would I had such a one.
va. Likes it thee mistris?
Heere take it, a worse will serue your turne.
Ana. Withall my hart, heere mistris take it,
at home I haue a better, please you to goe
With me ile giue it you.
Flo. Heeres a wonderfull good fashiond gown,
Ide ride my boots twenty miles for such another.
va. Huswife, breake, a worse will serue your turne.
ana. All that I haue sweet Mallenger is thine,
and what is thine, thou boldly maist bestow,
Giue all I haue, onely reserue thy selfe.
and gentlewoman pitty my estate,
think that I am a woman as your selfe,
Had you a husband that you loued so deere,

and

And see another rob you of his hart,
Would it not grieue you? Yes I know it will,
But yet I pray, for my sake vse him kind,
I am sure heele deserue it at your hands,
va. Goe, get you hence, or else ile send you packing.
Ana. I will sweet loue, and where so ere thou art,
God send thee neuer a lesse louing hart.
Exit.

Enter Sentlow and Blunt.

Sent. vallenger, your a villaine to vse me thus.
va. Sentlo, the villaine I throw back againe,
And will maintaine mine honor with my sword,
Draw vallenger, one of our deaths is nigh.

Here they drawe, Blunt and the Docter comes betweene them.

Blunt. Go too, put vp vallenger, or ile make you.
va. Well sentlo another time shall serue for vs.
Exit vallenger and the Docter.
flo. I prethee gentle loue be patient.
Sent. But ye Whore come not in my sight,
For if thou dost by heauen ile martir thee.
Exit Sentlo.
Flo. Canest thou me whore, now by this light
Ile haue thee murdred, and if gold can do it.
Blunt. Gold can do much, but deuill can do more,
Here is a true paterne, o' a common whore.
Mistris what meanes my maister so part in such a rage.
flo. For why the Gentleman is Iellious,
But I would quickly rid him of that Feuer,
And if thou wouldest Blunt but consent with me.

Blunt.

Blunt. What is it Mistris, it shall goe hard
Shall make me slack in what may profit you,
Although you still thought that I loued you not.
Flo. Now Blunt I see it, and will report thy loue,
And for assure here take this purse of gold,
And now but marke the issue of my purpose.
Thou seest that Sentlo's coine: begins to wear,
And Mallenger is euen now on the spur,
And for my sake will empty all his treasure,
And what I haue I will impart to thee,
But murder Sentlo, then is Florence free.
Blunt. Mistris if this should be done,
a crash of your office were not cast away.
Flo. Feare not Blunt we will not stick for that.
Blunt. Then heere's my hand, before the sun go downe,
Ile do the deede Sentlo shall shortly die.
Flo. The deed being done come presently to me,
And we will frollick in his tragedy.

Exit florence.

Blu. O Sentlo, wert not for thy friend,
How many dangers hadest thou fallen into,
The mischiefe now abroach I did foretell,
For by my meanes thy life in safety dwelles.

Exit sentloe.

The drunken mirth.

Enter sir Godfrey, Eustice, and the docter, Anabel in her wastcote.

God. O my deere daughter how could he vse thee thus?
eust. My son rob thee of thy faire Ornaments.
God. And for a strumpets loue, O God, O God.
eust. Split soule a sunder, that thy sons so vild.
God. Giue me my child (Sir Eustice) as she is,

A vertuous maid dishonored by thy son.
Eust. Giue me my son, that I may punish him,
For wronging this faire flower thy worthy child.
God. Alack good knight, I make my mone to thee,
And thou in true loue canst but pitty me.
Eust. Alas good knight, my griefs so iumps with thine,
That as I weepe for thee, so pitty mine.

Enter the Mother.

Mo. Where is my child, where is my Anabell?
God. Heer wife, let vs hold hands, and in three parts,
Lets sing around, and so weep out our harts.
Mo. How could the wretch (deare soule) abuse thee so.
Ana. Call him not wretch, he is wretched but by me.
In mee consists the cause of all this wo,
Faire Florence is the mistris of his hart,
To her I am but as a Counterfit,
Rather I am an ethyop, soule, deformed
And therefore hated of my Mallenger.
Doct. O Beautious maid, blemish not thy name,
Thou art Heauenly bright, and she as black as hell.
God. Should any but my Anabell say so,
Tho age hath set his sote vpon my back,
I would maintaine thy Beauty,
Sweare thou wert faire,
Nay more then that, defend it with my sword.
Eust. Sir Godfrey, so would I, by heauen I would,
I, wert against that fugetiue my son,
Fugetiue in forsaking of his wife
To lead the race of an intemperat life.
Mo. Heere me but one word, gentle maister Doctor,
The Lord be with the vertuous Challenger where ere he
Be, Sir he should haue had my child,

God

God honest Gentleman he should,
And I repent me twenty hundred times,
So my godman forsoth would needs
Make vp the match with this same vuthrift,
And now you see how he doth vse my child, alas.
Doct. This is some comfort in this depth of wo,
Thy vertue is preferd before thy foe,
Why then tell them boldly who thou art,
No be still the Doctor, hold thy course begun,
There is more a fote, then will in hast be done.
eust. Brother, it shall be so, he shall not haue
A graue penne of my Land.
God. He spends no goods of mine vpon his trull.
eust. Cut off all maintenance, that is the way
To make him see his sin.
ana. O say not so, deere father heele repent,
And I shall haue a husband of new birth.
god. Girle, thou art to folish, so are we to long,
Sufferance in this may grow to further wrong.
Doct. To further wrong indeed, for Vallenger
Hath hired me to poyson Anabell.
eust. What his true harted wife?
Doct. Delay is worse to danger, credit me,
And by that plot Sentlo must likewise die.
god. Blessed be the houre that euer ỳ camst to bristo.
eust. A Doctor of more honesty there liues not.
god. Were he our son a thousand times,
We must not let him be a murderer.
ana. God Father let it suffice you know it,
And may preuent it follow it then no further.
Doct. O thou that rules the lotery of life,
Why should a bad man haue a vertuous wife,
Or a bad wife, haue a husband that is good,
Dost thou delight in contraryeties,

Then

When Wherefore do we striue for vertue still,
When we are maistred by a greater will,
Come good old man, come myrror of true wiues,
O let my hart with your harts simpathise,
although I am no kinsman to lament,
In your distres my griefe as deeply spent.
God. Doctor, brother, whats to be done.
cust. Gods me we must go apprehend him strait.
god. There is no dallying in a matter of such wait,
And therefore let vs not be slack in this.
cust, No, no, brother with your men,
Beset you Sentlows house he may be there,
I and my men, will post another way,
No place shall be vnsought,
But we will haue him.
Exit the two old men.
Ana. God mother stey them
This their iourney forth,
May breed some mischiefe,
Therefore call them back againe.
Mo. Thou art to foolish girle, let them go,
thou seeks his loue, that is thy mortall foe.
Doct. O thou art framd of constancie thy selfe,
Challenger what a iewell didest thou lose,
By shoingit vnto thy faithles friend,
and how like drosse doth he account of it,
Come vertuous maiden wipe those crystiall eies,
thou weepes for loue of him which loue despises,
Lets in to counsell what may best reliene,
Where teares and sorrow giues men cause to grieue.
Exit Omnes.

Enter vallenger.
va. What spightfull fortune Vallenger is this,

this

this villaine Docter hath betraide my trust,
and to my father all my plots reuealed,
Who flat denies me succor or relieke,
I dare not I be seene within the citty,
For then there is no way but straight to prison,
Ile call to mistris Florence I know that she is kind,
to her ile show my grieke and my sick mind,
Ho, mistris Florence.

Enter Florence.

Flo. Whose there, swéet Vallenger ist thée,
Why dost thou looke so sad, how faires my deare?
Va. Yfaith neuer worse, but all my hopes in thée.
Flo. What is it swéet I will not do for thée?
Va. My Father and my wife knowes all my drift,
And all inraged, threatens to be reuenged,
And will not let me haue no maintenance,
But sweares to plague me for my wickednes.
Flo. Is the wind in that doore,
What would you haue me do?
va. To let me liue with thée a little space,
Untill I haue obtained my Fathers grace,
Then what I haue swéet mistris shall be thine.
flo. And what shall I do, beg the while,
No Vallenger your deceaued in me,
think you that ile be priuy to your plotes,
to bring my selfe in danger of the Law,
Go to your wife and cherish her at home,
I do not like these wanton humors I.
va. I hope swéet Florence that you do but iest.
flo. Be throw my hart then, do not take it so,
Pray leaue my house, least your father come.
va. Giue me house room Florence but to night,

Flo. Not an houre, shall I haue my reputation
Touched for thée, if you linger héere,
Ile send for the Officers to discharg my selfe.
Val. It is euen thus, well what remedy:
Lie in the fields wretch, there dispaire and die.
Flo. Pray God that Sentloe be not murdred now,
Then all my hopes are lost.

Enter Blunt.

Flo. How now Blunt what newes?
Blu. Sentlo hath drunk his last, the déed is done.
Flo. Then are we vndone Blunt?
Blu. Why, wherefore.
Flo. The poore dejected Vallenger was héere,
As dry as dust not left a single doyt,
His father vowes to follow law of him,
Well, would that Sentlo were aliue againe.
Blu. Tis done, and therefore now there is no help.
Flo. Yes Blunt, thers help, but marke a womans wit,
Vallenger is but new gone out of doores,
Go follow him, and mark where he lies downe,
And if thou séest he is inclinde to sléepe,
Lay Sentloes murdred body hard by him,
Pluck out his sword, and all be bloody it,
And then cry murder as if he dyd the déed,
About it Blunt, do not the same neglect,
And then we two are free from all suspect.
Flo. Feare not this shalbe done effectually.
Flo. Then farewell, come to me when tis done,
Speane while ile home, and stur not out of doore. Exit
Blu. The diuell take thée for a filthy whore,
Thou art apt enough in murder, and in lust,
But like a stone in any thing is honest.

Well,

Well, ere to morrow many thinges will chang,
That dead men should reuiue, it would séeme strang,
Now after Vallenger I mean to goe,
To sée in what place he doth himselfe bestow.

Exit.

Enter Sentlo very drousie.

Sent. I wonder that I am so dull and heauy,
My feete doth stumble, as I go along,
Mine eies hangs downe, as if I had not slept
This twenty daies, pray god it be for good.
Still more and more: well, I must néeds lie downe,
And make my pillow of the grasse and ground.

He lies downe and falles a sleepe,
Enter Vallenger.

Vr. How yrkesome is the day vnto my eies,
My cheeks do blush for to behold the skies,
Methinks the heauens doth frowne vpon my sin,
And to repentance bids my hart begin,
The earth do burne my feete with scorching fire,
Because that all as hot was my deuire,
So heauen and earth, my practise doth confound,
Yet must I be beholding to the ground,
My griefe is héer, sléep doth follow sorrow,
Heere rest thy wretched carkas till to morrow.

Here he lies downe to sleepe,
Enter Blunt.

Blu. This way he went, and here he is laid to sleepe,
And Sentlo by him, this is excellent:

Now Harbart since thou hast don him all this good,
For once be a littell lauish of thy blood.

Heere he stabs his arme, and blodies Sentloes face, and pluckes out vallingers sword and blodies it, and laies it by him.

Blo. The Potion I gaue sentloe to drink,
Doth make him seeme to all as he were dead,
And yet his time is not come to wake:
Now will I raise the watch. Murder, murder.

Exit.

Vallinger startes vp.

val. What noise is that affrites mine eares
With murder, I laid me downe to sleepe,
Whats here: My sword drawne out and blody
And heres a gentleman new murdred,
Some villaine surely that hath don this deed,
Hath laid this murdred body here by me,
So by that meanes himselfe might be thought free.
If it be so, why then most happie I,
that hates to liue, and hath such meanes to dy.

Enter the Constable and officers.

Con. Se heres the murdred body, and here the murder,
I charge you in the kings name
Deliuer vp your weapons: And goe along with vs
With all my hart, see ther my weapons are,
And cary me whersoere you please

Exit with vallinger.

Con. Goe to prison with him presently,
the rest bring in this murdred body.

enter

Enter Blunt in his owne shape.

Blo. God saue you sir, I here it rumored,
a gentleman is slaine.
Con. I sir a proper man, and here he lies.
Blo: O noble sentloe doest ly soe lowe,
Breake hart asonder that thy freind is slaine.
Con. Sir, do you knowe the gentleman.
Blo. Yes sir, he was my louing friend,
And we at oxford fellow Pupels were,
Then, good sir let me in kindnesse craue,
That as I allwaies lou'd him in his life,
so I may haue his body at his death.
That I may giue him Cristian burial,
Con. With all my hart, weel leaue him with you sir,
and I am sory sez sor your heauines.
Blo. So this goes well, once
Ile be blont again.

Exit constable.

For now the times drawes on of his awake.

Sentloe rises.

Exit.

Sent. I neuer slept more soundly in my life,
But stay, how comes my hands soe blody,
So is my face, me thinkes, stay heres my man.

Enter blunt amased.

Why how now blont why stares thou so vpon me,
Blo. are you aliue sir.
Sent. Didst thou set any body to kill me.
Blo. Not I sir but wicked Florance dio,

And hadst bin slaine, had it not bin for me,
Sentloe behould thou Harbert and thy friend,
That thus hath wayted on thée like thy man,
To saue thée from a thousand miseries,
Sent. I am a maid, and knowe not what to say
O my deare Harbart: O my louing frend.
Harb. Leaue of imbracements till some other time,
The king is com to Brillow, newly landed,
Come as we goe along Ile tell thée all,
Things wonderfull that yet thou dreamst not off.

Exit,

Enter king Richard, Leicester, and Richmond.

King. All hasle thou blessed bosome of my peace,
Richard findes instance of his home returne,
Brillow, thou hapst rode where first I land,
Doth welcome me now from the holy land.
Send word to London of our safe ariuall,
While we awhile in Brillow heere repose vs: hether.
god. Fame with her brasen trump hath born this tidings
Eust. And Brillow with their Cittizens crymesse,
Their gladnes by their tryumphe, at your safetie.
Kin. And we with you will put these triumphs on,
But for this vnlucky accident,
Which makes old Eustice and Vmphreuil sad
Which grieues me for the noble gentlemen.
god. By blessed Saint Paule my liege I cannot brook it
to see my child, my aire, my Anabell,
this heere: what a wretch was this?
Now by saint Charity if I were iudge,
a halter were the least should hamper him.
Eust. Tho nature wrassels with my stated reason,

and

and willes me plead for mercie for my son,
yet iustice with impartiall wings directs,
My thoughts from pitty, and my words for right,
My liege to make an entrance to your fame,
Regard Vmphreviles wrong, punish my son,
I cannot lose him better then by law,
Nor is he lost that doth example giue,
Oft wæt amends to such as lendly liue.

King. Vertue commends thy course, and patience his,
In both I pitty, what you both desire,
If iustice could be glased with pitties wings,
Call for the prisoner, let vs crowne the time,
With iustice, for these honorable men.

Ana. Haue mercy Richard, mercy in a king,
Is like the péreles Diamond set in gold,
he out of enuy and of fury speaks,
I out of loue and passion plead for him.

King. What pleasing aduocate hath pitty rais'd,
To plead the prisoners cause, himselfe not there.

Ana. One that doth beare the greatest griefe of all,
The haples wife of wofull Vallenger.

King. Why thou art wrong'd, therfore thouldest claime,
Reueng for thée, and iustice for thy husband.

Ana. Reueng for me my Lord, nay that cannot be,
vnles a strang deuision may be had,
For I that am as nérely knit to Vallenger
as bodie to the soule, cannot suppose
an iniury, But think his losse,
To be my miserie and chiefest crosse.

God. Hath he not sought thy blood thou foolish girle?

Ana. He sought no more then I can freely giue,
and sacrefise to death so he may liue.

Mo. Did he not keepe a harlot to despight thée.

ana. And if he mend that fault he sone may right me.

God. Ye gaue thy ornaments to deck his trull.
Ana. And my consent did ratefie his guift.
Mo. Well he hates thee.
Ana. To try my patience, all that he did or gaue,
Or did contriue conserneth me,
his act was my allowance.
Now since my selfe, accuse not, but excuse.
Since she that was supposed to be wronged,
Doth right that wrong, be iust and set him free,
For I protest I know no iniury.
God. She knowes no iniurie, my Lord she lies,
King. Sir God-frey since your daughter doth
Remit his fault, methinks you should forgiue him,
god. Forgiue him, no not I the wretch shall neuer boast,
That he hath braued old God-frey in a iust
And honest cause. Ile touch him I,
I and tuch him to the quick,
No lesse then for his neck verse will I touch him,
Docter stand foorth and to my prince and peres,
Say what thou know'st of Sentloes bloudy death
Cha. Then this I vow before your Maiesty,
That Vallenger corrupted me by gold,
to poison Anabel, and Sentloe to.
Ana. Intents are nothing till they come to acts.
god. and mistris is not Sentloe dead in act.
Har. Sentloe is dead, my maisters bloudy death,
should quicken iustice in your maiesty.
King. thou shalt haue iustice to thy owne content.
Cha. O how I grieue to see her brinish tears,
Water the Crimson roses of her cheeks.
Har. Had not my wit preuented this before,
Nor you nor she, had neuer sorrowed more.
Eust. You come my son: what said I? No my shame:
O let his bloud my liedge redeeme the same.

King.

Enter vallenger and officers.

King. Yong Vallenger thou art hère,
Accused for Anabell,
And murdering Sentloe that is dead,
Speak, art thou guilty. I or noe.
va. Guilty in both my Lord, and hère for both
Ready to pay the penality of my life,
Tho in my soule and conscience I am clère,
Of Sentloes death, yet welcome happie lot,
That so shall rid my life of that foule spot.
ana. Alas poore soule, how griefe and his disgrace,
Doth make him desprate, behold his face.
From thence speaks truth, as from an Oracle,
That he is innocent, tho his words accuse him.
king. Well Vallenger atend thy sentence.
Har. Pronounce not sentence yet, right royall king.
king. What lawfull stay canst thou impart to vs.
Har. A stay to straighten iustice and the truth,
My conscience charged with this hainous crime,
Makes me confesse tho to my harts true griefe,
That by thinticements of lewd Florence and her guists,
I should haue murdred Sentlo, my dère maister,
I therefore think that through her wickednes
She is the cause of all these villainies.
king. Post officers, and fetch her to our presence.
va. A weake delay to hinder my strong faith.
Gon. I euer thought that Harlot would be one.
See how that bold face ieats it like a bride.

Enter florence.

flo. Health to the king, good fortune to the pères.
Mon. A boulder queen ther liude not this many years.

King. My pearcing iudgment, through the brittle glasse,
Of that fraile beauty, doth deserne her losenes,
Lady stand forth.
Flo. I entertaine that name most royall king,
And boldly come heere to cleere my selfe,
Of any thing that shall be laid against me.
King. You are heere acused as accessarie,
Vnto Sentloes death, speake are you guilty for no.
Flo. Doth this disgraced son of that proud man,
Charg me with these surmises before the king.
Va. Thou hast not murdred him, but my renowme,
His death, this hand my death of fame doth wound.
Cha. Thus lust makes youngmens misery her law.
Flo. Who then dares tuch my reputation?
Eust. Looke there on thy accuser, that is he.
Flo. This rouish lumpe of flesh, this shaghaird slaue,
Eust. Aplie thy speech proud woman to the place,
Speake reuerently in presence of the King.
King. Lady we stand not vpon words,
But one the proffe, and estimate of right,
Sirrha, stand forth: and freely speake the truth.
Har. The wretch my Lord that neuer did offend,
Fears not to die, I charge thee Florence
Of my maisters death: Moreouer, I charg thee
That with this purse of massie gold
Thou didst bribe me,
To murder Sentloe, Sentlo that is dead.
Flo. I bribe thee, with what falsehood dost thou vrge me.
Har. Let Mallenger be asked what purse this is,
Looke on it Ladies, marke it, for you know it.
Ana This purse was mine.
va. This purse I gaue to Florence.
King. Then with this purse, we boldly may conclude
that she did bribe Blunt to murder Sentloe.

Eust.

Eust. Loke on her face my Lord, her couller changeth,
Flo. Am I discrive, shall ponder corish slaue,
By blabing tongue bring me to infamy,
No tho I assure my death, ile further his.
God. Your answere Florence, what debate you there?
Flo. My answere shall be resolute and true,
Worthy the ballor of a womans mind,
To bad for thee, thou lumpe of infamy.
Eust. Nothing but badnes is from bad deriued.
Flo. Most mighty king, I freely do confes,
That cursed Blunt consented to murder Sentloe,
This is the truth of all, liue I or die.
Har. Lewd is her life my Lord, and lose her tong.
king. Well take them aside,
In Florence I obserue her impudence,
In Wallenger dispaire, in Blunt remorse,
In these three last front terror,
Call them agen, attend your sentence all,
First Wallenger, thou sought'st to poison Anabell thy wife,
Since by aparent proffe Sentloe is slaine,
Our sentence is respectiue for thy good,
A noble death: the losse of thy lewd head,
Blunt, and this honest Florence,
Both for committing and concealing murder,
Must one the gallowes die, this is our sentence.
Har. No act is proued in me right royall king.
King Her words approue thy act, thy act her will.
Har. My faults is in concealment, not attempt.
Flo. His fault is murder, hang vs all my Lord.
Eust. Harbart for all your kindnes to my son,
Ile see you shortly caper in a cord.
Flo. See then you hang vs closely, then my Lord
To his in death, as we haue kill in life.
Ana. Wost not thy shame, nor shame thou womanhood,

Flo. Alack good god, how holy is she growen,
she loues the flesh, yet dares not make it knowne.
ya. I do imbrace the law, as pleased to die,
Father forgiue the follies of my youth,
Umphrevill, let me beare to heauen
Upon the wings of my vnfained repentance,
My sorrow heere indented in my tears,
And thou indued wonder of thy ere,
Forgiue the wrongs that I haue done to thee,
That I may go with peace vnto my death.
king. Away with them,
To morrow se execution be performd,
Ana. O mercy Richard, show some mercy,
Will Vallenger in silence losse his son,
And harder then the Penerian rockes,
Neuer be perst,
Although the Father will not, Richmond plead:
And if that Richmond dare not, Liestor speak,
O see the time fleets hence with Swolloes wings,
Time runs: O Gratious king be mercifull.
king. Lady I cannot breake the limites of the law,
A wilfull murder must be paid with death,
Yet bring me a man that willingly will yeld
Sufferance of death, to saue yong Vallenger,
And he shall liue, else hope no further grace:
Atend our further pleasurs at the court.
ana. This is some comfort, happie Anabell,
Now show thy ready and thy womans wit.
Chal. How shall he liue in one will die for him,
Well Vallenger, if thou haue such a friend:
Thou art happie, but I mean to see the end.

Exit Challener.

Enter

Enter Sentloe like a frier.

Sent. Thus like a frier I haue disguised my selfe,
To see my deere friend, that hath saued my life,
And that same strumpet that
Would haue caused my death.
A harlots loue, is like a chimney smoke,
Mutuering in the aire betweene two blasts of winde,
Borne here and there by either of the same,
And properly to none of both inclind,
Hate, and dispaire, is painted in their eies,
Deceit, and treason, in their bosome lies:
Their promises, are made of brittle glasse,
Ground like a phillip, to the finest dust,
Their thoughts like streaming riuers swiftly passe,
Their words are oyle, and yet they geather rust,
True are they neuer found, but in vntruth:
Constant in nought, but in vnconstancie:
Deuouring cankers of mans liberty,
But stay: I am at the prison gate,
Where are you keeper, let me speake with you?
keep. Who knocks there?
Sent. A fryer come to confesse your prisoners.
Keep. Stay ile bring them to you presently.

Enter Vallenger, Florence, and Blunt, and the keeper.

Sent. Health to this place: sir, let me speake with you.
Do you not sorrow inward at your hart,
For your lose life you haue so wanton spent.
Val. Yes: from my hart Sir, and do thinke it long,
That this vild life of mine doth breath so long.

Sent. Do not dispaire, although your death be nie,
Heauen loke vpon you with a Gracious eie.
flo. Now gentlewoman: let me speake with you,
Now good fellow, what wouldst thou haue with me?
Sent. To confes truly your offences past.
flo. Well: shall I confes one thing truly to thée,
Sent. One thing, and euery thing.
flo. Why then I confes truely that before
This time neuer confest any thing truely,
But in brie'e father ile tell thée,
All that I conseaned, I defrauded:
Those I haue slandered, I haue defamed,
Whom I hated, I loued not:
And this hath bin the manner of my life.
Sent. Are you not sorry for that you haue done.
flo. No by my troth, nere a whit at all.
Sent. I hope your mind will chang before you die.
flo. Perhaps you know so much: trust me, not I.
Sent. God turn your hart: frend let me speak with you,
The time draws nére of execution,
What is it méte I goe along with you?
Har. I gentle Sentloe, and thy selfe shall sée,
The deference twixt lust, and chastity

Enter a messenger.

Mes. You must bring the prisoners away,
the king and péeres are already set.
keep. Say we make all the spéed we may.
flo. Come noble harts, lets fearles march away,
A little hanging will dispatch vs all.

Exit Omnes,

Enter the king, Richmond, Liester Sir Eustice,

Eustice, Sir Godfrey, to the execution.

king. Sir Godfrey, and Sir Eustice vallenger,
Your Siluer haires shoulde teach you patience.
god. My ledge, God be my record I do not repine,
Alack good knight, thou weeps in vaine,
But now there is no helpe.
Eust. I, I, my Soueraine iustice on my son,
He hath deserued death, and let him haue it.
king. Sir godfrey, hath your daughter yet
Found out a man will die for Vallenger,
Such was our promise in regard of her,
And since our word is past, we graunt it him.
god. No, no, my Soueraine, I haue hard,
A man vrged by necessity to lead his rend,
Or to redeme his person with his owne,
But to find one will die for a frend,
This age we liue in doth not now afford.

Enter the officers with the prisoners.

king. Dispose yong Vallenger the first to death,
That done, send hence the other to their sentence domd
va. Ere I a end this stage where I must act,
The latest period of this life of mine,
First let me do my deuty to my prince.
Next vnto you, to much by me offended,
Now step, by step, as I a end this place,
Mount thou my soule into the throwne of grace,
If my offence might be forgiuen on earth,
I would aske pardon of my dread king.

My

My parents, and my wife,
That must forgiue me,
But my hatefull life
Hath so be bloted and besmered my fault,
That when I come to ask the last forgiuenes,
They will not list my sute,
Nor yet regard it.

Enter at one doore, Anabell disguised like a man, and at another Challener.

Ana. Stay: heere is one will die for vallenger.
Chal. Nay heere is one will die for Vallenger.
God. Be blind mine eies, O vertuous Challener.
Come to redeme his enemy from death. (to thee,
val. O Challener, by the deep wrongs that I haue done
O hide thy face, thy lookes are far more keene,
Then is the axe, must strike the fatall stroke:
For thee sweet youth, thou canst aledge no reason
Why thou shouldst die for me,
Be iust O king,
No torment worse, then fruitles lingering.
King. Dispatch them executioner: dispatch.
ana. Stay executioner: do me iustice king,
thy word is past that vallenger shall liue,
If any one will lose his life for him,
And that will I: ile dy for vallenger,
Chal. Nay heere is one, that for the loue he beares,
to Anabell, but not to him, will die for vallenger.
ana. My plea was entred first, my claime must stand.
Cha. Tell me but what thou art, rash yongman,
that dares enter into this place before me:
humannity doth teach thee thou euer shouldst

Giue

Giue place vnto thine elders, in all ſtates,
how rude then and vnmennerly art thou,
To forget this common courteſie,
that parents teach their children euery houre.
Ana. Sir, in humanity I muſt confeſſe,
So much as you aledge but not in death.
the graue is as the publick theater,
the roome being taken vp, by them firſt enter,
the ſecond ſort muſt ſit but as they come.
Beſids you ſay you die for anabell,
She nere deſerued death: therfore giue your pleas
to him that hath true title for the ſame.
God. Thats not by thée fond girle,
Kneele Euſtice, kneele, do not acept
Againſt her folly, do not gwd my ledge.
King. Why you amaze me, whats the matter?
God. Why my ledge, this is my child, my anabell:
Came in this diſguyſe,
to ſaue his life, that was the ſpoile of hers,
Now aforegod girle thou art much to blame.
What is that other?
God. My Lord, this is vertuous Challener,
Come to redéme his enemy from death.
King. a conflickt of exceeding conſequence,
and much renowmes that worthy gentleman,
tho let me tell you we are much diſpleaſd,
that anabell ſhould baffel thus our lawes,
We asked a man, and ſhe a woman to deiude vs.
therefore we are content her huſband haue his life,
But ſhe ſhall lay her head vpon the block,
and ſhe ſhall haue no executioner,
But vallenger him ſelfe, ſhall ſtrike it off:
this is our ſentence, and we will not chang.
Ana. pray god thou doſt not king, for I accept it.

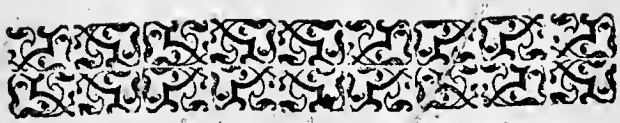
Come Mallenger, that happy hand of thine,
Shall saue thy life and make an end of mine.
val. To strike the stroke, to murder Anabell,
First let my soule sinck to the pit of hell.
Cha. A man the executioner of his wife,
Is so vnhumaine that a mortall eie
Would euen be bloudshed to behold the same,
Therefore dread king let me die for both,
But to be end so scandelus an act:
And as for thée, I hate thée Mallenger,
And could be well content withall my hart,
To be thy deathes man, for thou hatest me,
Besids, yet Malenger consider this,
Hauing a wife so faire as Anabell,
Beloued of me thy foe, and so intierly,
That I do offer vp my life for hers,
Should mercy pardon now what law doth threaten,
Thou must immagin if that we tw liue,
I still should go about to murder thée,
To inioy thy wife, whom I so much do loue,
therefore beg of the king that onely I may die,
to saue her honor, and thy infamie.
Blu. Hark you huswife, do you heare all this:
Doth not your hart melt at this amis.
Flo. Melt Blunt yes, and doth wéepe brinish tears,
to sée what fames them, and doth me confound,
Héere is a glasse for such as liues by lust,
See what tis to be honest, what tis to be iust,
Blu. Why this is wel: now Soueraine hear me speak,
If he that is supposed slaine doth liue,
Then friendly may we reconsile these iars,
king. Our law doeth light on none, but guilty crimes:
And that it punisheth as iustice willes.
Blu. Why then vouchsafe all in this princely presence,

This gentleman and I brought all to passe,
He in a Doctors shape, hath saued the life
Of my frend Sentloe, and of Anabell,
I in like sort haue saued Vallenger,
And Sentloe which by me should haue bin slaine;
I saued him by an honest policie.
And now aliue present him to your sight,
To make a pleasing end of these sad sightes.

Heere Sentloe putteth off his whod and kneeles downe.

This breaths new life into my hated hart.
Val. Sweet beautious lettes, the rauser of my smart,
Forget in me, what I haue done amisse,
And seale my pardon with one balmy kisse
My soule repents her lewd impietie.
Ana. My blouds deere solace, and my best content,
My onely deere esteemed Vallenger,
Not all the world being turned into pleasure,
Could giue my soule such sweet contented treasure,
Thou art more deere, more pleasing to my mind,
then at the first: before thou prouest vnkind,
tis insident for yong men to offend,
And wiues must stay their leasures to amend.
Chal. This kind contrysion of yong vallenger,
More loyes my hart, then rest to trauelers,
Liue long together, and may neuer fate,
this new ioynd league of marriage seperate.
Har. The like say I, to thee that now hath tryed,
A friends firme faith, that nothing can deuide.
Sent. the which I will indeuer to deserue,
And not so much as once in thought to swerue.

king. Since all things ſorteth to this happines,
And pining care, is turned to ioyfull mirth,
I will be partner in your meryment,
Away with that ſame tradgike monument,
For that ſame Florence there, becau'e we ſee,
The ſorrowes ſomthing for her follies paſt,
Let her be had among the Conuertites.
And as her faults ſhall vaniſh or elſe ſtay,
Let her be v'ed accordingly. Away with her,
Glad parents, and glad frends,
In Briſtow here a while our ſelues will ſtay,
And ſpend ſome ſportfull houres to crowne your ioy
After ſo many troubles, and tyerd annoy.

Exit Omnes.

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